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Richard Barham, "*The Ingoldsby Legends*" (1842).



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The ingenuity — often the perverted ingenuity — of the Reverend Richard Barham's rhymes arouses the suspicion that it was for their sake that Guinness appears here. However, there is no doubt that by 1837, when the *Ingoldsby Legends* began to appear in "*Bentley's Miscellany*", Guinness was being exported to many parts of the world and doubtless Spain was among them. Today Guinness is enjoyed, in perfect condition, all over the world by people who know what's good for them. And, as Violante and Iñes no doubt discovered, Guinness and a sandwich is almost a meal in itself.



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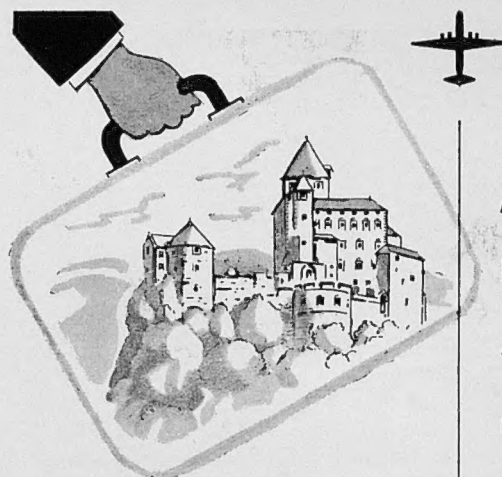
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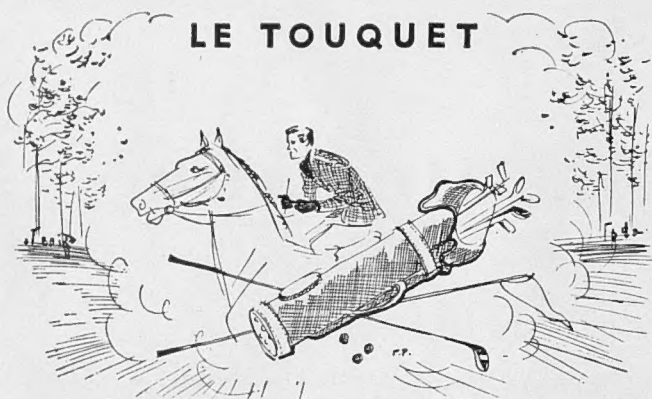
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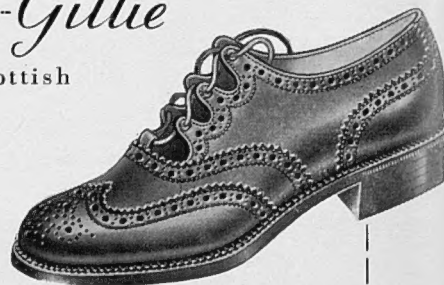
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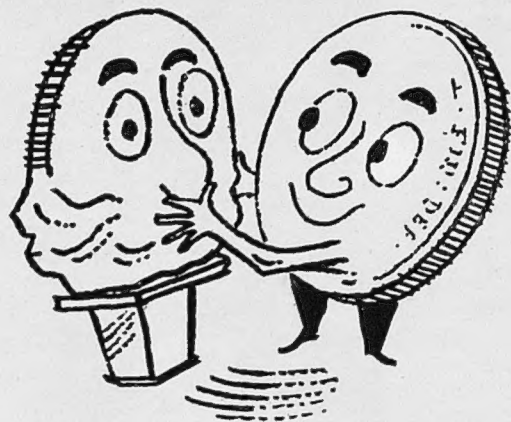
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 18 to May 25



THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY AND WATERFORD, whose photograph by Eric Coop appears on our cover, is the wife of the 21st Earl of Shrewsbury and Waterford, Premier Earl of England. The Countess, a daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. C. R. Crofton, C.B.E., is the châtelaine of beautiful Ingestre Hall, Stafford, where she most ably assists her husband to run the estate. Their son Viscount Ingestre was born in 1952, and they have four older daughters

May 18 Opening of the European Horse Trials in Windsor Great Park. H.M. the Queen will be present.

"Painting Is A Pleasure" exhibition, at the Trafford Galleries, Mount Street, W.1.

Racing at Salisbury.

Cricket at Lord's: M.C.C. v. Club Cricket Conference.

Cricket at Cambridge: Cambridge University v. the South Africans (three days).

First night of *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* (New) with Nigel Patrick, Elizabeth Sellars and Hugh Wakefield.

May 19 Calypso dinner and dance presided over by Princess Marie Louise at the May Fair Hotel.

The Countess of Londesborough's dance for her daughter, Lady Zinnia Denison.

The Warwick Musical Festival (four days).

First night of *Into Thin Air* (Globe) with Hartley Power.

May 20 The Queen and Prince Philip will attend the Household Brigade Saddle Club Ball at Windsor.

Lady Herbert's dance for her daughter, the Hon. Diana Herbert, at Wilton House, Salisbury.

Golf: The Walker Cup, Britain v. the U.S.A., at St. Andrews (two days).

May 21 Cricket: M.C.C. v. the South Africans at Lord's (three days).

Racing at Hurst Park.

Motor racing. The Members Meeting at Aintree.

May 21 (continued)

Mrs. George Campbell and Mrs. Michael Dilke's dance for their daughters, Miss Caroline Campbell and Miss Myrna Mackenzie, at Beaulieu, Hants.

Mrs. Cottrell-Dormer's dance for her daughter Miss Frances Cottrell-Dormer, at Rousham Park, Steeple Aston, Oxon.

May 22 Polo at Cowdray Park. Start 3.30 p.m.

May 23 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend a festival service for the Friends of St. Paul's in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mrs. H. P. R. Hoare's dance for her step-daughter, Miss Melanie Hoare, at Hoare's Bank. Racing at Hamilton Park, Alexandra Park and Leicester.

Opening of the Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary Art (five days).

May 24 The Queen and other members of the Royal Family at a private view of the Chelsea Flower Show which opens for members at 2 p.m. (four days).

The Epsom summer meeting opens.

May 25 The Derby at Epsom.

The Chelsea Flower Show opens to the public.

Eights Week at Oxford begins.

The Aldershot Show at Rushmoor Arena (four days).

Mrs. Aubrey Burke's dance for her daughter, Miss Meriel Burke, at 9 Hyde Park Gardens.

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(Left)

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bride was personal assistant, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. All the Services and civilians in the Colony were represented at the reception, and gave the happy couple a rousing send-off when they departed on their honeymoon to Japan.

★ ★ ★

FROM friends in the north I hear that guests came from all parts of Scotland, and farther afield, to the wedding of Mr. Timothy Whiteley, youngest son of the late Brig. J. P. Whiteley and Mrs. Whiteley, of Mixbury Hall, Brackley, and Miss Jane Drummond-Hay, eldest daughter of Mr. James and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay. The Rev. "Tubby" Clayton, the great personality of Toc H, was among the clergy who carried out the marriage ceremony in the beautiful eleventh-century St. John's Kirk, Perth.

The bride, who looked very pretty, wore a dress of parchment satin. Her lace veil, which had been worn by her great-grandmother, Miss Charlotte Hay, at her wedding, was held in place by a coronet of orange blossom. She was attended by fifteen bridesmaids who wore dresses of silk organza over taffeta, varying from pale yellow to flaming red, toning most effectively with the spring flowers in their hair.

THE reception took place at the bride's home, Seggieden, where their four-tiered wedding cake was decorated with heraldic shields which had adorned the wedding cake of the bride's father and mother.

The bridegroom's brother, Mr. Peter Whiteley, helped his mother, with the bride's parents, to receive the guests. These included the bride's uncle the Duke of Hamilton, who proposed their health, and the Duchess of Hamilton in yellow with a tiny



F. J. Goodman
MISS SARAH GARNETT, only daughter of Major Henry Garnett, of Netherton, Hampshire, and of Mrs. Mary Garnett, of Portman Square, London, and granddaughter of Col. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, of Thorpe Satchville Hall, Leics, is a débutante this year

flowered hat, their sons, the eldest of whom, the Marquess of Clydesdale, was among the ushers, the Countess of Erroll in navy blue and a white hat, her husband Capt. Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, Lord and Lady Forteviot and their daughters the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Sir Torquil and Lady Munro, the latter in a green velvet coat and hat to match, Capt. and Mrs. James Duncan, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Lyle, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, Major and Mrs. David Butter, and Mr. and Mrs. Ruairidh Hilleary whose little daughter Dhileas, barely two years old, was among the bridesmaids. Mrs. Hilleary's sister, Miss Vora Mackintosh, who is to be a bride herself next month, was also among her cousin's fifteen bridesmaids. Another bride-to-be at the wedding was Lady

Angela North who recently announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Whiteley.

The bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon in France and Italy, and then go out to Rhodesia for a year, where he is A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Lord Llewellyn.

★ ★ ★

SEVERAL cocktail parties have been given for débutantes during the past few weeks. Among these was the very good party that Mrs. Tom Nickalls gave for her charming daughter, Philippa. This was enjoyed by many débutantes and numerous young men, who never (as they do at some parties) looked lost, as their hostess and Mr. Nickalls, who was there to help his wife, were busy introducing young friends to them, which makes such a difference to the pleasure of guests at these parties, especially early in the season.

Another hostess was Mrs. Llewellyn for her daughter Virginia, who is already much in demand, while Mrs. Graham Welch gave a very successful cocktail party at Londonderry House for her daughter Alexandra who is among the prettiest of this year's débutantes. Incidentally, this year no one with a scrap of common sense or judgment can acclaim a "prettiest débutante of the year." The standard of good looks is very high this season, and there are perhaps a dozen girls who are quite outstandingly pretty in their own individual ways.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS MARGARET is going to be present at the première of the film *Daddy Long Legs* at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, on Monday, June 6. This is being given in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Tickets for the première from Mr. Billy Wallace, Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, S.W.1. Those still unsold are 1 gn., 3 gns., and 5 gns.



Top left: Mrs. Michael Bonsor, Mr. Andrew Gibson-Watt and Mr. John Lowther at their table. Bottom left: Ierne Lady Moynihan, chairman of Alexandra Day, and Mr. Douglas Barrington. Top right: Mrs. John Sheffield was listening to Mr. James Riddell. Bottom: right: Lady Moyra Hamilton, lady-in-waiting to Princess Alexandra, and Mr. Robin Hill



Miss Frances Sweeny and Miss Rosemary Stock, who are both débutantes this year, were selling programmes. There were some 970 guests present at this event, which was organized by Mrs. Leslie Morshead

SWADE

EUROPE'S TOP RIDERS FACE A STIFF TEST AT WINDSOR

MAJOR LAURENCE ROOK, M.C., seen with Starlight, brings his wealth of personal experience to the writing of this article on the European Trials which start at Windsor today, and the men and horses who are taking part in them. In 1952 he was a member of our team at the Olympic Games in Helsinki, and was third in the European Championships at Basle last year

WHAT great satisfaction the Duke of Beaufort must feel at seeing the tremendous entry for the Windsor Trials—seventy-two names representing nine nations, and comprising six teams, competing for the European Championships of 1955. When "Master" saw the Three Day Event at the 1948 Games at Aldershot he perceived this competition could well become an English sport on a level with polo and lawn tennis, and in 1948 at Badminton, with a band of helpers from the Beaufort country and the British Horse Society, he staged the first Three Day Event, as it was known then, to be held in this country.

From this has grown the wealth of One Day Trials and the two Three Day Events, Badminton and Harewood, now known as Olympic Horse Trials, with such a growing number of competitors that entries are having to be restricted. What a change from the first two years, when organizers spent half their time ringing up their friends and begging them to make an entry!

Pony Club members and their parents, the competitors, and remarkably few others know what all this means, so for the uninitiated I will try and explain. The Olympic Horse Trials consist of three separate tests, divided into three continuous days' work, all designed to try and find the best all-round horse.

THE first day is devoted to dressage, that ominous French word for "training," and is nothing more than proving to a number of judges that some time and trouble have been spent in nagging your horse. This is carried out in a ring, and nothing is required other than you might expect your horse to carry out in a normal day's hunting, the most complicated movements being the equivalent of opening a gate! Nevertheless, these movements must be carried out correctly and marks are awarded for the way that you can prove to the judges that you have a very sound basic training in riding on the flat and that the horse is obedient to your slightest whim.

The second day is devoted to finding out if you and your horse are capable of getting to the end of a good day in a good country, at times demanding a turn of foot and throughout a very definite boldness on the part of horse and rider. It is divided into two main stages, a steeplechase over 2½ miles, and a cross country section over 4½ miles, these being interspersed with rather strenuous hacking amounting to about ten miles.

ALL these stages are against the clock and there are marks to be gained and lost according to the time taken in each section. One hears so many people talk about the steeplechase as being very easy; in fact it is the one easy way to pick up marks if you have a fast horse, but the pace required is the equivalent of a good class Open race at a point-to-point—and remember that it is carried out all on your own with no other horses to take you along, and it does require a certain amount of judgment of pace.

Very often the steeplechase fences are not the birch fences found on the local point-to-point course, but may easily have rails or walls in among them. These must be taken without any slackening of speed or the target of thirty-six good marks will never be obtained. To win or finish well up in one of these competitions you need to get very close to this target.

Now for the second and probably the most important section of the lot, the cross country. Here you have very severe penalties for refusing or falling, and it is possible to gain seventy-two good marks for completing the course in faster than bogey time, but to do this something very nearly approaching steeplechase speed has got to be maintained for the whole distance over a wide variety of obstacles, all of which are solid and quite unbreakable, and many distinctly tricky and requiring to be jumped at a reasonably slow pace.

Many a time I have heard hunting folk say that they could ride one of their hunters around the course. So you can if he is bold enough, but it is the pace you have to keep up which is the difficult part, requiring an exceptionally fit and brave horse.

The test on the third day is entirely to show that the horse, after a very strenuous cross-country, can still be of some use, if required, the following day. In order to prove this they have to negotiate a not very long course of show jumps, which usually require a certain amount of suppleness and obedience on the part of the horse.

FOR those attending the Windsor Trials I have endeavoured to compile a Form Book of the competitors who are likely to be interested in the final placing. To those who are not mentioned may I make an apology here and now, and say that I shall be only too pleased to be proved wrong. Obviously the Gold Medal winner at the '52 Games must come very high on the list. This is Jubal, ridden by his Olympic jockey, Rittmeister Baron H. von Blixen-Finecke. Jubal has just had a year's rest and his rider tells me that he is as good as ever, so I am certain that this pair will finish well up.

I am delighted to say, however, that there is an English horse who should give him a run for his money, Kilbarry, ridden by Major Frank Weldon, who captains the British team. I think everyone would be pleased to see these two on top at the end. They have now been second at two International contests and second at Badminton in the year between, a record which for sheer consistency takes a lot of beating, and they can be guaranteed to go well. Next, Starlight ridden by myself, individual champion in 1953; although somewhat temperamental he usually manages to make up what he loses in the first day by fleetness of foot on the second.



Miss Diana Mason, jumping on the beautifully trained Tramella, on which she won the Dressage at the European Horse Trials at Basle last autumn. She is considered very likely to win the Dressage at Windsor also

Then comes a long list of horses who are all capable of beating the three above, starting with Iller and Hanseman ridden by "Willi" Asker from Sweden. I hear that he has great hopes of Hanseman, but he is as yet inexperienced. Then we have Countryman, again a young horse but a winner of his only two appearances in One Day Trials this season, ridden by Bertie Hill from Devonshire, rider of last year's individual champion. Uranus and Richard are ridden by Tony and Hans Buhler, from Switzerland, respectively—Uranus was fourth at Basle, and many good judges liked Richard when he competed at Badminton some years ago. Tramella will be ridden by Diana Mason, whom we hope to see win the Dressage phase on the first day, and Bambi by Margaret Hough from Lancashire, winner at Badminton last year, these two were the first girls to compete in a Three Day Event in Europe.

Trux von Kamax will be ridden by his Olympic jockey Herr Otto Rothe, who but for an unfortunate Dressage Test would have been very near the medals at Helsinki. Radar is the only representative of the Senior Service, having been lent to Lt.-Cdr. John Oram, R.N. by Miss Jennifer Johnson, and last but by no means least there is Crispin, present holder of the Individual Title which he won at Basle last year when ridden by Bertie Hill, and now ridden by his owner Mr. E. E. Marsh.

OF the five Italian horses I know very little, and as yet their riders are not known, but I would expect them to be a very young team gaining experience for Stockholm next year. The most travelled competitor and probably one of the most versatile, having played polo, raced and show jumped, is Gold Ross from Australia ridden by his owner Mr. L. R. Morgan. An English horse with a new owner now running in Canadian colours is Skilly, ridden by Major Larry McGuinness, who was a member of the Canadian Team at the last Olympic Games. Another from overseas, King Willow, is ridden by Miss Heather Carruthers from South Africa, who has been training with Col. Joe Dudgeon in Ireland.

Also trained by Col. Dudgeon is the Irish team, consisting of Capt. Ian Dudgeon riding Charleville, which finished well up at Harewood last autumn, Copper Coin ridden by Miss Penelope Moreton who has competed at Badminton before (I hear that the Irish expect great things of these two), and Brown Sugar and his owner, Capt. Harry Freeman-Jackson, who needs no introduction as he has competed at Badminton for many years on his wonderful old horse Cuchulain. Also Capt. Mark Darley, who won at Badminton in 1952 on Emily Little, and now riding the Kildare Estates' Hunt the Slipper, and Mrs. Waring Willis, probably better remembered as Iny de Bromhead, who competed in the Irish Jumping Team, riding Wild Venture, the Dublin Show hunter champion.

FROM a national point of view the Team Championship is of the utmost interest, as we have now won it since its inception in 1953, and hope to retain it this year and complete the hat-trick. There will be strong opposition with teams from Germany, Ireland, Italy, Sweden and Switzerland competing against us and all obviously out for blood.

No preview of Windsor would be complete without mentioning Her Majesty the Queen's great interest in this event, culminating in the loan of the Great Park for this year's championships, and it is only right that this record entry should follow so gracious a gesture. We can only hope that the Clerk of the Weather gives this Royal occasion his added blessing.



Desmond O'Neill

The captain of the British team, Major Frank Weldon, Miss Diana Mason and Lt.-Cdr. Oram, R.N., who, with the author of this article, will have some fierce competition from the eight other nations taking part in the Trials, which start today

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"... nothing but beastly fury and extreme violence"

WATCHING the Cup Final the other day I was reminded of the remarks that have been passed on the game.

Sir Thomas Elyot, who lived in the eighteenth century, held the opinion that "It is nothing but beastly fury and extreme violence," while a Mr. Hutton, of Derbyshire, had a stronger opinion.

"This coarse sport," he wrote, "was carried to the barbarous height of an election contest, and a fine player was chaired through the streets like a successful member, though his utmost elevation of character was no more than that of a butcher's apprentice."

There may be, shortly, some successful members wishing that they might be chaired through the streets, whatever their elevation of character may be.

★ ★ ★

THE other day a lady fell into a predicament. It appears that eleven years ago she went to dinner with some friends and forgot to leave. Now, all of eleven years later, she finds herself the victim of a court order for eviction. Her hosts seem to have had enough of her.

This kind of behaviour is not so rare as you might think. My good friend Hannen Swaffer, one of the great eccentrics of this age, once went to tea with Edgar Cohen, the man who put the London taxis on the streets and also invented Harrods' stores—and stayed for seven months.

It was not from forgetfulness, but because he found the company so good that he could not drag himself away.

Mentioning him reminds me of his great friend Constance Collier, who died just the other day. This great woman used to like to go to tea with Swaff in his flat at the top of an old building overlooking the north end of Trafalgar Square.

They would talk about Shaw, Socialism, spiritualism, to which he is sincerely addicted.

One day while they were taking tea a coffee spoon and a ginger beer bottle top

flew in through the window without breaking the pane and this impressed this great man so much that he keeps them to this day in a green malachite box on the window sill as a sign that the next world is closer to you than you think. The initials on the bottle top are H. S. and although these are the initials of a famous aerated water firm the writer believes the initials refer to him.

Although I think Miss Collier had her reservations about Mr. Swaffer's beliefs in the hereafter she had no reservations in her opinion of her friend.

And nor have I.

★ ★ ★

I LISTENED carefully to the Prime Minister's first election broadcast on the steam radio the other night and was most impressed by one point he made. It is the Conservative intention to lay



"... Woman charged with ironing her aunt"

stress on the building of schools. Bravo for that.

It has been the shame of this civilized country for a generation past that while luxury accommodation and business offices have been built, the schools to which we are compelled to send our children are slum affairs. The young learn their lessons in cramped, dark, fusty surroundings, which must at least give them a distaste for their tasks.

It is a splendid thing that after all our troubles this country is growing richer. But what it means at this moment is simply that Papa can afford to buy the nipper a pony to ride in the holidays. However rich he becomes he has no guarantee that the heir to his fortune will not suffer squalor during two thirds of his growing years.

★ ★ ★

SOME people collect stamps. I prefer to collect newspaper headlines. There are many famous ones, such as *The Times*' "Great Storm in Channel: Continent Isolated" and, from the same newspaper: "Small Earthquake in Nicaragua: Not many Killed."

But now I have a new gem. I found it in the *News Chronicle* and it said simply: "WOMAN CHARGED WITH IRONING HER AUNT."

★ ★ ★

NO longer is it possible to say that woman is the weaker sex. For I have received a report from Indianapolis which gives details of a controlled ruthlessness that no male dictator has attempted in the history of the world.

A woman, abandoned by her husband and divorced from him, took action against her successor to his affections, charging that the second wife had "enticed" the husband.

The court found for her and it was decreed that the second wife should be sent to jail on condition that the

BIRD OF PASSAGE

The cook who comes in April
And spoils more food in May
Asks for the moon
In the middle of June
Then leaves us right away.

—PRENDERGAST

aggrieved woman would pay five dollars entrance fee and then for board and keep.

The victor now spends her days playing canasta and counting up her winnings to judge whether she can afford to keep her supplanter in the hoosegow another week or so.

The husband is keeping well out of this.

THERE have been many excellent examples of the way to thank a host for a perfectly horrible weekend. Mr. Noël Coward and Miss Dorothy Parker have proved themselves experts at the job.

But I have found a letter to better them.

From a handbook on letters, *Cupid's Messenger*, published in 1629, comes this:

"If my paper were made of the skins of croaking toads or speckled adders, my ink of the blood of scorpions, my pen plucked from the screech owl's wings, they were but fit instruments to write unto thee that art more venomous, more poisonous, more ominous than the worst of these.

"God amend and pardon thee. Once thy friend. . . ."

That should stop any odious person you now from the vice of entertaining.

WE shall soon be entering the full swing of the lawn tennis season, and although I have no doubt that the main interest of the spectators will remain with the performance of the ladies, my hope will be that focal attention will go to a young Englishman named Knight.

Now we have champions in racing, cricket, running, it would be nice to have a tennis champion, too.

IWAS delighted by the remark of Miss Linda Christian, who used to be married to that imperishable film star, Tyrone Power, on her arrival in London.

"Men," she said, "are unavoidable darlings." This showed modesty on her part.

Asked why she demanded a million dollars alimony, she replied, quite shrewdly: "I didn't want the money, it's all taxable." This showed in her a wifely habit, to be praised, of economy.

Miss Christian will be with us for a short while, and I hope she has more lessons to teach us on the difficult business of modern domestic living. She is both decorative and instructive.



THE RIGHT HON. ANEURIN BEVAN, P.C., M.P. for Ebbw Vale since 1929, is considered by many political students a major asset to the Conservative party. Although his undisciplined attitude during the war years earned for him Sir Winston's recognition as "a squalid nuisance," there is no doubt that his categorical abuse of opponents has won for them incalculable numbers of adherents. He is no longer the "Bollinger Bolshevik" of his early years, although an affection for the good things of life is still a characteristic now that he may be reckoned a landed proprietor. The protagonist of an ageing political school of thought, he is reported to have an eye on the Foreign Office, should the party which his voice dominates prove successful in the Election. His record, however, suggests that the Ministry of Transport might prove a more suitable portfolio

STRINGING OUT ACROSS COUNTRY

THE Old Surrey and Burstow held their hunt point-to-point races at Edenbridge in Kent. This picture of the Adjacent Hunts' Maiden Race recalls the old time point-to-points when riders made their own way across country. The winner was the leading horse seen here, Regal Hunt, ridden and owned by Mr. M. French of the West Kent



At the Races THAT HILL IS THE PROBLEM

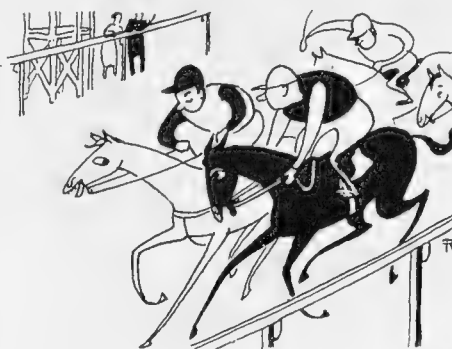
WHETHER or no Mr. David Robinson's Our Babu wins the Derby, he showed us very plainly in the Guineas that he has one indispensable quality, great courage. He ran like a really good colt, and having now capped his win in the Middle Park Stakes, etc., by an unquestionably good performance in the first Classic he has definitely staked his claim.

He fully deserves to be thought of for the Derby, and I hope he wins for both his sporting owner's sake, and for the sake of the thousands of others who have never wavered in their loyalty. He is a fighter right enough, for Tamerlane plus the horde of French horses were out for his blood! I do not suppose that anyone wishes to be bored by being told that "Newmarket is not Epsom," or that "winners of the Guineas do not invariably train on into winners of the Derby." We have heard that since the far off days of our boyhood and our first surreptitious betting slip passed to someone who was certainly not known at the Victoria Club!

So far as Our Babu is concerned the things upon which we ought to fix our eagle eyes are firstly,

how he is put together; secondly, how he went into The Dip—that little bit of down-hill close to the finish of the Rowley Mile; thirdly, has he got that absolutely indispensable bit of speed that will allow him to get to the top of the Hill at Epsom; and fourthly, and most important of all, will he stay?

I THINK personally that the answer may well be "yes" to the three first of these questions. He is well coupled; he is not too big; he went down that little Dip without even a suggestion of getting unbalanced, and he has the requisite turn of foot. It has been said time out of mind that the horse that "strides farthest down the hill" wins. This only means "the one best balanced by the time they reach the straight."



If any colt has had a bad passage down that quite steep hill, and arrives all abroad at the foot of it, he will have to be in the super class to get the rest of the way and win. It is not easy to get an unbalanced horse back on to an even keel. That is an elementary remark, but so very true.

A last comment on the Two Thousand; is it not fairly obvious that we had been frightening ourselves unduly about the French invaders? They are not all they have been made out to be.

SOME colts that are not true stayers have won the Derby; Humorist for one, but few, if any, have won the Leger who are not true stayers.

The Derby can be ridden in snatches; the Leger cannot, and it is just a real slogging match from start to finish. There is no give and take about that dead level course, and not much chance for finesse; the draw does not matter a hayseed, but in the Derby it can.

Steve Donoghue always said that the Derby could be won in the first few furlongs, and he ought to have known, for he won quite a few. The Hill both at the top and at the bottom is the real "yes" or "no" of the whole business. A horse must have enough speed to get to the top and take his pick of a place; and he must be well balanced by the time he arrives at the bottom.

The opposition to Acropolis was due to his being so bone lazy that he does not impress the onlooker. His kind usually last for ever because they will not allow anyone to make them do any work beyond the absolutely necessary amount.

— SABRETACHE

HUNT RACES IN THE HIGHLANDS

THE Spring Meeting of the Perth Hunt Races, which took place on the fine race-course at Scone Palace, belonging to the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, is becoming as popular as the meeting in September at the height of the Scottish season

Below: Capt. Iain Moncreiffe and the Hon. Flora Fraser, daughter of Lord Saltoun, from Aberdeenshire



Mrs. G. Stewart-Stevens presenting the Balnakeilly Challenge Cup to Mr. A. H. Moralee, owner-rider of Happymint, who won the Hunters 'Chase, victory in which is a greatly prized achievement

Below: Mrs. Ian Douglas, Capt. B. A. Bagnall, Mrs. Bagnall, Mr. R. B. Cox and Mr. Ian Douglas were intent on marking their cards. The racing was excellent, and greatly favoured by conditions



Miss Elizabeth Porges and Lady Caroline Fitzmaurice, daughter of the Marquess of Lansdowne, were with the Hon. Penelope Dewar

The Countess Cadogan, Miss June Ducas, Mr. Robert Ducas, Lady Daphne Cadogan, Miss Gail Clyde and Viscount Chelsea, heir to Earl Cadogan, who all regularly attend this important Northern meeting

Priscilla in Paris

Seagull of peace

A RED-LETTER week! A personal and selfish opinion, perhaps, since what I consider worthy of a red letter may be double-black-dye for other people.

At the Atelier Theatre we have enjoyed a brilliant revival of Tchekov's *The Seagull*, played by Valentine Tessier, the very great actress who is too rarely seen nowadays, an exquisite young newcomer, Catherine Sellers, Paul Oetly, remarkable as old Sorine, and an excellent supporting company.

Visitors to Paris who remember what the late James Agate had to say about the "great Russian dramatist" may like to make a note of this, as they no doubt will be able to see it through the summer. *The Seagull* has not been played for so long that it was hailed as a première. Not one of those striped awning, red-carpet, plants-in-pots affairs with ministers and mannequins and *grands couturiers* but a simple get-together of the usual mixed bag of critics, invited guests, "fans" who have been able to wangle seats from friends-of-the-management and those gate-crashers who, in their youth, may have learned how to wriggle into the show between the tent-pegs of the travelling circus.

PLEASANT also is the old-fashioned little Atelier Theatre on the Place Dancourt. When one strolls out of the overcrowded lobby during the intervals one has the impression of being in a peaceful, provincial town miles away from Paris. The clattering traffic of the boulevard Rochecouard at the bottom of the hill is muted to a subdued hum; housewives are knitting and gossiping on their doorsteps, and children—who ought to be in bed—are playing scuffling games of hop-scotch on the *terre-plein*.

A restful, satisfying evening.

Less restful perhaps, but amusingly satisfactory as an entertainment, was the charity gala "*La Belle et la Bête*" at the Ambassadeurs. The Beauties pleased us, but, on the other hand, the Beasts perturbed us! Years ago, when the gala first took place, the Beasts were recruited from the more domesticated species. Since then, little by little, our pretty pets have been superseded by the fauna of not only this country but from all over the world!

LAST year a few venturesome candidates arrived with tame lizards, baby "chimps" and a grass snake or two. This year spectators at tables near the stage looked nervously towards the exits when Mme. Christiane Robin, the artist, presented Jo, a two-month-old lion cub, who was not in the best of tempers, and a perceptible shudder swept over the audience when Mlle. Dominique Varga appeared with an outsize boa constrictor draped over her shoulders and coiled round her slim waist.

We were glad to see that it seemed reassuringly dopy, that its tail dangled



A SCHOOLGIRL WON FRENCH LADIES' RACE

THE Prix des Amazones at Fontainebleau is always an occasion, for this famous race is ridden by ladies of many different professions. It was won this year by a schoolgirl. Above: Mlle. Yolande de Laissardière, winner of many cups at the Paris *Concours Hippique*



Mlle. Claudine Huys on Larron came in third. She is a mannequin. The organiser was the Maisons Lafitte trainer, Maurice d'Okhuysen



Paul de Cordon

The winner, Mlle. A. B. Maria, on Terre Promise. She is the fourteen-year-old daughter of John Cunningham, the trainer.



inertly and that the lady's strong little hands had a firm grip round the creature's neck while it languidly put out its tongue at us! After this a mongoose, some goldfish carried by the charming Japanese actress Mlle. Yoko Tani, who has been playing in the *Tea House of the August Moon* (so unsuccessful over here, alas!), a parrot, a llama, a prinked-up sheep overdressed as lamb, and the usual poodles and Siamese cats were merely amongst the also-presents.

The jury composed of the Comtesse Louis de Brantès, Mme. Françoise Christophe, Mme. L. Françoise Pontet, the Comte Antoine de Mun, the artist Touchagues and M. Roger Nimier seemed to find the awarding of the prizes a difficult task. I suggested giving the boa to the mongoose... but was incontinently snubbed.

BETWEEN the two wars there existed a famous cabaret known as the Florence. It was, with the Perroquet, the *boîte de nuit* where one went in the days of the tango and the Charleston, of skirts to the knees, the first timorous denudings of our vertebrae, and the Eton crop, which was just as bleak as—but less sluttish than—the waif coiffure to-day.

This week the Florence is open again. Just another night club one may say. Yes! But a night club where one is requested to dress. Long may the request be granted. There are too many so-called "smart" cabarets that have been invaded by the backness of St. Germain des Prés. Baggy jannel slops, tired-looking jerseys, tartan shirts and corduroy coats. It is not always easy to know whether it is two lads or two girls that are dancing together.

ON a recent evening a party was given by the Comte d'Herbement for his daughter the Comtesse Frédérique Mensdorff-Pouilly. There were more frocks *de grand soir* on the dance-floor than have been seen in public—even at the Opera and important first-nights—for some time. Princess Maria-Pia, Mme. G. Bergery and Princess Alexandra of Yugoslavia were in black, but most of the frocks were gaily colourful. Mme. Jacqueline Delubac in a red and silver creation made by her couturier from a *sari* she brought back from her recent travels, danced in beauty like a flame.

The Baronne de Cabrol was elegantly flounced and Victorian in pink, Mrs. Charles Grey flamboyant in geranium-red and Mrs. Joyce draped and mysterious in night-blue tulle. . . . There were many more, each lovelier than the other, but both my space and my adjectives have come to an end . . .

Red-letter frocks indeed!

Les Misérables

● The most disappointed people on earth are those who only get just exactly what they deserve.



SPORTING SEASON FOR MONTE CARLO

IN perfect weather, the tennis tournament at the Country Club drew a high-class entry. Above, Miss Pat Ward (right) after she had defeated Miss Shirley Bloomer in straight sets in the open singles. Miss Gloria Butler (centre) presented the cup



Aboard the *Dragon Voldka* in Monte Carlo harbour. It was sailed by Mr. Philip Colville (helmsman), Lord Wensley and Major Simon Bolitho

At the Theatre

Manhattan safari

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

I HAVE not been to New York, but my knowledge of how they live there, acquired from American comedy, has by this time become pretty extensive. I cannot say that *The Tender Trap*, at the Saville, brings me any new facts; still, it amply confirms those previously received and fixed permanently in my mind.

The hero is a bachelor man-about-town. In our old English comedy he would have been, I suppose, the Honourable Tommy, and his Half Moon Street letter-box would have been filled every post with crested envelopes all containing invitations. The American bachelor appears to have no social background and no work to do, but he has a duplex penthouse apartment with a terrace which has a wonderful view at night of lighted skyscrapers, and it somehow gets about New York that here is a man worth any girl's while.

THE girls who throng his lift are all more or less respectable. They are career girls doing jobs of work in the day and glad to be given a good time by an eligible bachelor at night. His possibilities as a husband do not escape their notice, but they take them lightly, thus enabling his amorous routine to run with delightful



MARRIED BLISS is not all that it is cracked up to be, according to Joe McCall (Phil Brown)

smoothness. His only trouble is that slight hangoverish feeling that comes to New York bachelors when they wake shortly after midday; and that is quickly curable.

Like all happy bachelors, American or English, Charlie feels rather sentimental about some marriages, and he is positively shocked to hear that a visiting class-mate's marriage is not all it should be. Such a sweet girl, the wife, as he recalls her. Charlie, you see, does not yet know one of the basic facts of American life of which I am only too well aware. All American men love young girls and marry those they love best; and it is exactly seven years afterwards that they find that the girls they have married have turned into wives.

IT is then that this natural love of girls reasserts itself. Leaving their wives to fuss about the children and the furniture and perhaps to go in for culture, they look elsewhere for fun and romance. Joe, the former class-mate, temporarily domiciled in Charlie's apartment, has not far to look.

The lift never ascends without a girl in it, the telephone never rings unless there is a girl at the other end of the line. Some are for a dance and some for a dinner, some are domestically inclined and would like to tidy up the apartment, some simply have it in

mind to sit on the terrace sofa and watch the wonderful view at night of lighted skyscrapers. They are, on the whole, an amiable lot, and all of them are decorative. Joe finds himself increasingly attracted to the one who regards herself (not without reason) as Charlie's "steady."

HE is saved any possible strain on his loyalty to a friend by the arrival of a very pretty and a very young thing. Joe knows the facts of American life almost as well as I. He at once spots this pretty young thing as the naïve, husband-hunting New Yorker. She knows what she wants, she means to get it, and she is bound to get what she wants in the end. Charlie is not unaware of the jeopardy in which he stands, but he is as much fascinated by the girl as he is repelled by the fate she threatens him with. His nerve goes, and he has soon engaged himself to marry twice over. The general confusion enables the seven years married man to ask another girl to marry him.

It is perhaps clear from what I have said that *The Tender Trap* is the American comedy we have all seen before. *The Seven Year Itch* is one of its titles, *The Moon is Blue* another, and there have been many more.

There is no reason why it should not be seen again with enjoyment under its new title.

MR. BRIAN REECE decorates the bachelor's progress with neat comic touches, a well wound-up performance, with its engaging gaucheries set off by the drier humour of Mr. Phil Brown as the married class-mate.

Miss Geraldine McEwan is the pretty young thing whose single-minded determination to get the husband she wants compels her to knock sense into him with a riding-whip; and Miss Daphne Anderson brings her personal charm to the lady who takes her jilting with the simple observation: "This has been quite a morning. If my luck holds I should be hit by a truck before I get home."



IN FULL CRY: Bachelor gay Charlie Reader (Brian Reece) is the unwilling quarry of all the marriage-minded ladies of Manhattan. Sylvia Crewes (Daphne Anderson) has a sophisticated and decidedly laconic approach, but Julie Gillis (Geraldine McEwan) believes in more straightforward methods of capture



JILL MELFORD IN NEW COMEDY

A LEADING part in the comedy *Into Thin Air*, which opens at the Globe tomorrow, is taken by Jill Melford, daughter of Jack Melford the actor, and niece of playwright and producer Austin Melford. As a child during the war she was evacuated to the U.S. and later gained stage experience there, including the part of Ado Annie in *Oklahoma!* on Broadway. Over here she has appeared in *The Seven Year Itch* and the film *Out of the Clouds*, and has acted in repertory. Garson Kanin directs the new comedy, whose cast is headed by Hartley Power

London Limelight

Tower of Babel comes to town

THE casting director of *The Lovers*, now at the Winter Garden, is the chief nigger in this bizarre heap of kindling.

Here is a heavy Victorian melodrama translated from the French idiom into contemporary jargon, the leading man, Mr. Sam Wanamaker, being an American. He plays with a transatlantic accent, emphasized by an invisible clothes-peg clipped to his nose. The heroine—Thérèse Raquin, no less—is presented with high courage and skill by Miss Eva Bartok in tense and treacly mittel-European tones, and to complete the party there is the impeccable voice and presence of Miss Helen Haye, direct from any of the more respectable English cathedral cities.

Like insufficiently boiled jam, the mixture never coagulated, even when Messrs. Kynaston Reeves and Peter Copley added a little musical comedy virtuosity by way of flux. In this day and age, Thérèse Raquin

has become a period item to be performed, should anyone think it worth the while, as a daguerreotype in sombre, unified sepia. The gathering of talent was considerable, but as the evening wore on, I hoped wistfully for a troupe of Chinese jugglers to complete the disarray.

A VOCAL quartet called "The Four Aces" now top the bill at the Palladium. They are officially described as incorporating "the fullest use of physical placement and movement for complete visual appreciation," and their sponsors add that they have "fractured audiences

throughout the nation." This seems rather hard on an agreeable, if undistinguished, group of American singers, who fractured nobody at all by their placements when I saw them. This entertainment also introduces a comedian called Don Tannen, who contrives an excellent ventriloquial act by turning himself into his own doll, a feat which deserves several marks for originality.

At the foot of the list, when he should be at the top, is "Tino," the delightful dog who runs his own show without human aid, and makes a far better job of it than most of his competitors.

THE astronomical Danny Kaye returns to this variety house next week. Here is a comedian who would prove a master in any age, and the younger generation will live to boast about having seen him in the flesh rather than in the archives of 3D celluloid. Let us hope that his more fanatic admirers will give this star a chance to perform, and not drown his clowning in an avalanche of those high-pitched hysterical screams which are the signature-tune of the film-conscious teen-agers of London.

On his last appearance this adulation, which is terrifying to a normal audience, nearly defeated Mr. Kaye.



THE GUILT COMPLEX does its worst with Eva Bartok, in the part of Thérèse Raquin, and Sam Wanamaker, as Laurent, in *The Lovers*

—Youngman Carter



MISS GLORIA PASHLEY, the young and talented violinist, has made a great success on television during the past few years. She has toured extensively in this country, on the Continent and through the Middle East, and has broadcast in Eire and America. In September she is giving a recital at the Royal Albert Hall



IAN STEWART is the leader of the new Savoy Orpheans. For the past nine years he has led his own orchestra at the Berkeley and is well known to a wide public through his many broadcasts and gramophone recordings. Before the war he was second pianist in Carrol Gibbons' famous Savoy band

Dennis

Television

GARBO FEAST

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

TO-MORROW evening should make many non-viewers glad of access to a TV set. The occasion is a miscellany from the films of Garbo. Previous such compilations have made me suffer for their stars. Sheer scarcity value ensures a difference for the Garbo anthology. Since her retirement, Garbo's pictures have been guarded by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as jealously as though the studio meant to preserve the star's legendary secrecy. Last year no plea could avail me permission to use some soundtrack of Garbo's voice in a radio programme.

Now, however, that M.-G.-M. are about to re-issue Garbo's *Camille*, TV is at last permitted to introduce to one whole generation, and to revive for another, memories of a star who, whether or not the greatest actress, was the most miraculous phenomenon of her time.

"PANORAMA" (to-night) begins to draw near "Animal, Vegetable and Mineral" (to-morrow) in regular viewing value. The latter is a sure stand-by for all types of visitor. "Panorama" may not always come up to the Muggeridge interview with Salvador Dali. The

wonder is that any regular B.B.C. programme should have room for such surprises.

At week-ends tame TV sets can often be left untouched. But every now and again they hold us home with a programme like next Sunday's. Another film from Orson Welles's "sketch-book" is then followed by Harold Clayton's production of *Romeo and Juliet*, starring the fast-rising Tony Britton and Virginia McKenna.

Horses, I have remarked before, can be watched on TV from a better-than-ringside seat. This week there will be two days of the events at Windsor, after two (sheepdogs to-day, Open Show jumping to-morrow) from Shrewsbury.

Prospective viewers might be reassured to know that Tuesday's instalment will be positively the last of the *Whiteoaks Chronicles*.



The gramophone

PERFECTION FLAWED

WITH the Victor Young Orchestra Peggy Lee makes a quite exceptional recording of "Baubles, Bangles and Beads" from the new Stoll Theatre musical *Kismet*. She gives this song a brilliantly original interpretation, and only a musician of her ability and technique could

set it down in the grooves in the way she has.

It is, perhaps, too much to look for perfection all the time on both sides of any record, and it is a pity she should have elected to couple her "Baubles" with "Summer Vacation." In this she is accompanied by Dave Barbour and his Orchestra, and the point of the song, if there really is much point in it, hangs fire, and it is probably for this reason that it eludes even such a perfectionist as Peggy Lee. (Brunswick 05421.)

A MONTH or two ago I drew your attention to the Long Play of the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra, and the latest release from this formidable group of musicians is in every way yet another worthwhile contribution for the discerning. The Orchestra plays "Honey Babe," featured in the film *Battle Cry*, arranged and presented with intriguing subtlety. In complete contrast to this, we have as backing solo Marimba-ist Joe Venuto playing Ed. Sauter's "Joe's Tune." Here human voices are interwoven into the score as a positive part of the orchestral accompaniment, resulting in something that is really a *quelque chose*! (H.M.V. B. 10865.)

TO complete the trio up comes the one and only Lena Horne, singing "Love Me Or Leave Me" and "I Love to Love," with Lennie Hayton and his Orchestra. Sung with all the polished assurance we expect of her, Miss Horne pulls off a magnificent double. I'm not at all sure that this is not the best recording she has ever made. (H.M.V. B. 10869.)

—Robert Tredinnick

At the Pictures

Cars steal the week

THE thrills and spills of Continental motor-racing are for the first time brought right into your lap by 20th Century-Fox's *Such Men Are Dangerous*, with the aid of CinemaScope, De Luxe Color and stereophonic sound.

Whatever its merits as a film, it certainly ranks as an experience. A large part, and the best part of the film is given up to authentic road-racing scenes from the Mille Miglia, the Italian Grand Prix and several other classics in France, Belgium and Germany.

Motor-racing fans will be delighted at the almost documentary detail with which the races and their organisation from pits to finish are photographed. This is a subject made for the wide CinemaScope screen, which amply accommodates the screaming, high-speed battles of the open road and the hairpin bend. Director Henry Hathaway shows that he is quite at home in this atmosphere of violent, split-second action.

As long as Kirk Douglas and Gilbert Roland look heroic and tough and Bella Darvi beautiful, it is perhaps asking too much to expect a story to go with all this. There is one, but it will not distract your attention much, and the script sometimes seems to have been made up as they drive along.

Kirk Douglas is the hero, a fanatical driver whose ruthless ambition to get to the top surmounts such obstacles as lack of money, personal injury, other peoples' necks and romance in the shapely form of Miss Darvi. Poor Miss Darvi, a ballet-dancer who throws up her job to follow him on the round of racing events, never fully succeeds in supplanting the noisy little steel monsters in his affections. Douglas makes a quite credible job out of this not very attractive character.

Gilbert Roland, Cesar Romero, Lee J. Cobb and Katy Jurado are to be seen around the race-tracks in roles which take second place to the racing-cars.

IN the Franco-Italian production *The Beach* (Cinephone, Oxford Street), starring Martine Carol, director Alberto Lattuada gives us a quite entertaining, if cynical, disquisition on the subject of respectability. His point is that it is a by-product of money, not morals.

Martine Carol is the heroine, a prostitute who is having a quiet holiday with her small daughter at a smart Italian Riviera resort. To her satisfaction she is accepted socially as a charming young widow, and she basks in the warmth of comfort and respectability. Her conduct, incidentally, is exemplary when compared with that of many of her fellow hotel-guests, a fact which Signor Lattuada's script and direction does not let escape our notice.

She chums up with the progressive young mayor of the town, Raf Vallone, and all seems set fair for romance and rehabilitation. But then her past becomes known. Mayor Vallone stands by her, but is powerless against the massed onslaught of outraged feminine respectability which drives her from her hotel and denies her even the job the mayor has found for her in the town. However, and here is the point, she is befriended by an elderly and disillusioned millionaire, whose companionship at once restores her social status. *O tempora! O mores!* says Signor Lattuada in the polite idiom of the Latin cinema.

The film would have been a lot better if the main situation had been reached earlier. It dawdles a bit at times. It is superbly photographed in Ferraniacolor. Mlle. Carol's performance is all that the part demands, and, of course, she can act as well as look decorative, whether fully or partly clad.



IT'S A HARD LIFE for Nicole (Bella Darvi) as the girl friend of Gino (Kirk Douglas), a crack racing driver who puts his profession before love

BETTY GRABLE'S new musical, *Three for the Show*, is just about as noisy, colourful and bustling as the combined resources of Technicolor, CinemaScope and Columbia's full payroll of song-writers, choreographers and musicians can make it.

Miss Grable, as arch and vivacious as ever, has a surprising silver hair-do and is given every opportunity to

demonstrate that a pair of nimble and comely legs are still, in many ways, a girl's best friends.

The pretext for this musical romp is given in small type in the synopsis as "based on a play by W. Somerset Maugham." Any resemblance to the original must be accidental.

MISS GRABLE, a musical-comedy star, is suddenly presented with two perfectly good legitimate husbands. The first Jack Lemmon, has been mistakenly reported killed in action in Korea. One day he returns home. Meanwhile, Miss Grable has contracted a legal second marriage to her first husband's partner, Gower Champion.

Miss Grable rather enjoys her position and heartlessly refuses to make an honest man of either until every joke in script, dance and song has been squeezed out of the situation, sometimes embarrassingly. It is sex with a snigger.

The dancing—by Marge and Gower Champion, Betty Grable and Jack Lemmon—is mostly and spectacularly good. It ranges from the straight stage hoover variety to some quite imaginative and amusing take-offs in the contemporary ballet, staged with a fine, careless lavishness.

The music—put over with gusto by the same quartet—is from the Gershwins, George Duning, Hoagy Carmichael, Gene Austin, and others.

—Dennis W. Clarke



CONSTERNATION, registered so forcibly on the expressive face of Aldo Fabrizi, the distinguished Italian actor, personifies the attitude of the adults in *The Age of Indiscretion*, a strong controversial drama of adolescent love which is the latest Italian film to reach London. Below: The young lovers, Pierre Michel Beck and Marina Vlady, inscribe their initials on a tree



SUN SHONE GLORIOUSLY ON EIRE'S GREAT SHOW

DUBLIN Spring Show, in the beautiful grounds at Ballsbridge, had record entries from all over the country. Below : The Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew, daughter of Lord Carew of Castletown, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, won the pony championship and silver cup with Lovely Lady



Lady Mary Rose Williams, who was a member of the England jumping team last season, with Major J. Gibbon

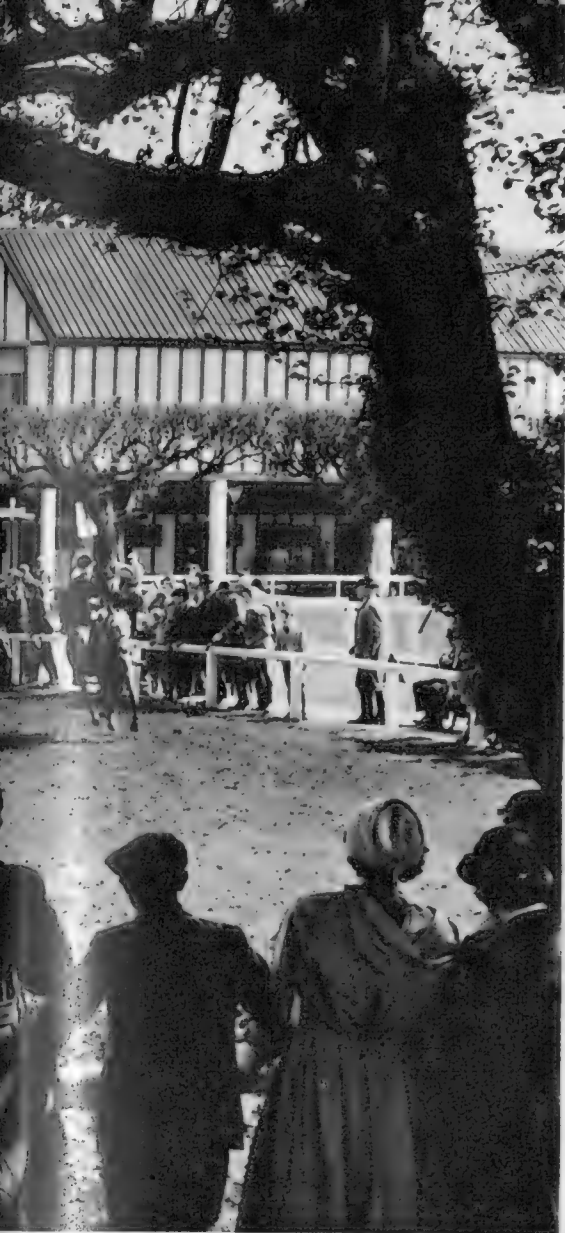


Pony riders going round in one of the rings before the judges. There was a special Children's Day for young riders and their mounts. The quality of the entries was of a very high standard as was the children's horsemanship

Mrs. Laurence Hastings and the Hon. Mrs. H. C. Alexander, sister-in-law of Earl Alexander of Tunis, at the Show

Major and Mrs. Frank Kennedy, who are both well-known followers of the Limerick, watching the parade of prize-winners in the enclosure





Photographs by
Fennell, Dublin

Right: Miss Sheila Brown and her four-year-old Connemara pony, Ballynaboy, winner of the novice hack class. Far right: Miss Rae-chilla O'Brien, who won the light-weight polo pony class with Wuit It



Right: Lady Perdita Blackwood, younger daughter of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who exhibited her mother's Ayrshires, was with Miss Barbara Breitmeyer



Far right: Lady Rosemary Fitzgerald, daughter of the Marquess of Kildare, with one of her father's Kerry cattle

Miss Valerie and Miss Shirley Carroll together in the jumping enclosure. They are keen racegoers and hunt with the Co. Louth

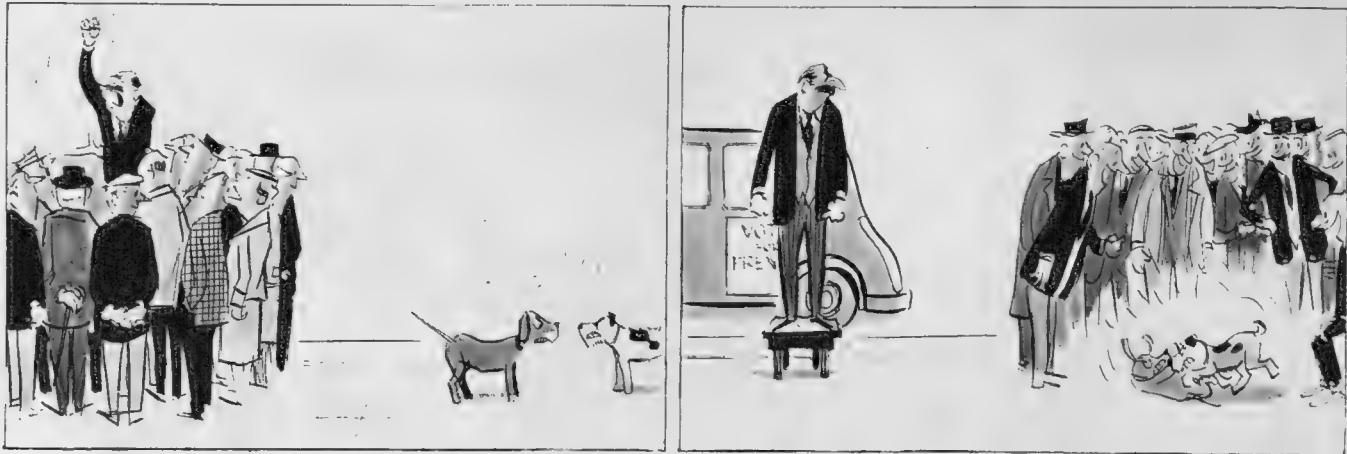


Major Alexander Reid-Scott, who came over from England for the Show, accompanied by his sons, David and Malise



The Hon. Mrs. Peter P. Hemphill, who hunts with the Galway Blazers, Mr. Bryan Alexander, of the Carlow Hunt, and Capt. Jock Wilson





ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.—by Graham

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

IN the presence of the office cat (*vide* Press), the Zoological Society's annual general meeting the other day was over in 25 minutes without a single cross word; whereas normally, as everybody knows, all hell breaks loose for hours.

No respecter of cats will need to be told that the effect of this moggy's level, sardonic gaze on the Zoo boys was to inspire that same holy terror with which the great cat Rodilardus scares the pants off Panurge, as recounted in the Fourth Book of Pantagruel (which you sahibs probably know by heart), though fortunately not with the same embarrassing results. A doggie in the same situation would have fawned and wriggled and slavered and worshipped the Zoo boys like gods, waving his paws and saying: "Masters, your divine and exquisite brawling is heavenly music to the ears of this your unworthy slave. Pray howl to-day more loudly than ever." Such cynical exploitation leads the Race to rave foolishly over doggies and approach cats, who give not a hoot for anyone from the Lord Mayor down, with a kind of heavy patronage masking suspicion and dread:

I love little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
Although her expression
Is not quite good form . . .

Indifference, a glint of contempt, and a final yawn of dismissal—no wonder rich women strive, rather amateurishly, to copy the technique. No offence.

Rap

IN Printing House Square there is still dignified resentment, our spies report, over a German paper's recent cartoon depicting Auntie *Times* as a grim, hard-featured, sharp-nosed, elderly hag in bonnet and spectacles, a kind of Mrs. Pipchin. This is only half the picture, as Auntie's closest admirers are aware. The old trot, in fact, has a gipsy streak, as that occasional trick of suddenly dancing a farruca in her flannel underwear reveals.

We wouldn't wish to dig up Auntie's racy

past, which includes accepting bribes, long, long ago, from theatre-managers and submitting not infrequently to the odious caresses of politicians, but we think the cartoonist-boys should leave her to artists (if any) of the calibre of Max Beerbohm or the late Rex Whistler, whose depiction of George the Fourth reclining in amorous dalliance with the Spirit of Brighton more or less illustrates the kind of approach we mean. For example, Auntie and Britannia *en déshabille*, cracking an intimate bottle with their hair down, just girls together, like the two sweethearts in *Fallen Angels* . . .

Outbreak

BURLINGTON HOUSE being at the moment ablaze with nudes, for better or worse, we wish to support in the Academy boys' behalf a suggestion by one of the dizzier Fleet Street critics at the private view. He thinks portraits of Academy nudes should now bear their names like every other.

This is, of course, only a beginning. A massive reclining nude labelled (say), "Miss Gloria Fauncethorpe, J.P., M.P. (Lib.) for King's Snorting," might well move art-lovers to ask themselves, after examining her figure attentively, why on earth the big girl had to remove all her clothing to sit to Mr. Smudge, R.A. A note in the catalogue

would reveal what we inky boys call a real Human Document. E.g.:

467. Miss Gloria Fauncethorpe, J.P., M.P. (etc.). Hemingway Smudge, R.A.

Shortly after taking up Liberalism Miss Fauncethorpe discovered, like many thinking girls, that the Party programme brought her out in a heat-rash. She found relief, like Rodin's *Penseur*, by pondering in the nude; in which situation Mr. Smudge discovered her one day and at once suggested an Academy portrait to assist the Cause.

Spurning criticisms (especially of her legs) from friends and wellwishers, Miss Fauncethorpe consented. "It has broken Mumsie's heart," she says, "but it will win thousands more to Liberalism."

Afterthought

TORY and Labour nudes would likewise tell their story ("I have always regarded the Velasquez Venus as a model Primrose League dame," says Mrs. Gowler). The Problem Nude of the Year would have a lemon in her mouth, with the label "Only 187 More Shopping-Days to Christmas!" We'd also like to see a whole lot of nudes in a Post Office bag, but maybe that wouldn't interest you.

Grin

WHEN you see a newspaper photograph of some film-star or TV ace with an idiot grin holding up a tube of Goober's Gumjoy you drop everything and rush to buy a tube of Goober's Gumjoy. Or at least the publicity boys think you do. In fact the whole racket is built on this theory.

Meanwhile we wouldn't wonder if one of the principal forces at this moment driving the Race into the loony-bin—as a psychologist lately listing a few prevalent neuroses forgot to mention—is what Swinburne in the 1880's called the Gospel of the Grin. Swinburne was taking a crack at Japanese Art at the time, also at Whistler, its chief booster. And if a few Japanese grins gave Slogger Swinburne a pain, we'd like his impressions of an Underground compartment along the advertising strips of which we lately counted 22 grinning pans in colour, all in a row, recommending various kinds of deleterious intakes and their antidotes. On the poster-boards outside were ten more grinders, including a whole family dancing for joy because Daddy had just brought home some frightful new breakfast-food. The Gospel of the Grin is now, in fact, universal, and we think it's getting the Race where it has already got the citizens of the United States, who are not merely raving nuts but have ulcerated stomachs.

All right. We've done our duty. Don't forget we love you, and thanks (as the French used to say) for the lobster.



BISHOP CONDUCTED A ST. MARTIN'S BRIDAL

Jennifer writes:—The Bishop of Kensington, assisted by the Rev. L. M. Charles-Edwards, the Rev. L. F. E. Foxwell and the Rev. P. Mitchell, officiated at the marriage of Mr. Spencer Le Marchant and Miss Lucinda Gaye Leveson Gower, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The bride looked radiant in a dress of champagne-coloured tulle appliqued with gold lace, and had a short veil held in place by a diamond tiara. Her four pages, George Dorrien-Smith, Gerald Harford, Michael Mullens and James Stewart, wore champagne-coloured trousers and silk ruffled shirts, and there were six bridesmaids. Mr. Edward Troubridge, who had flown home from Malta especially for the occasion, was best man.

AMONG relatives and friends I saw in the gathering of nearly 900 at the wedding, were the bride's grandmothers and Mrs. Philip Leveson Gower and Lady Mullens, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Harford, and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Mullens, whose little son Michael was among the pages. Also Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower, Mr. Ernest Simpson and his son Henry, and Mr. and Mrs. Clive Graham—he was among the ushers with the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Mr. Nick Ackroyd, the Hon. Harry Cubitt and Mr. Julian Floyd.

The best man proposed the health of the young couple at the reception, to which the bridegroom replied briefly.

Miss Sheelagh Barry and Miss Sarah Stanley were two of the guests at the reception at Hutchinson House



Miss Gwenda Mark, one of the bridesmaids, Capt. S. Plomer (left) and the Hon. John Denison-Pender

Mr. Spencer Le Marchant and his bride, Miss Lucinda Gaye Leveson Gower, partake in the ancient ceremony of cutting the cake



Five of the six bridesmaids: Miss Virginia Estcourt, Miss Susan Senior, Miss Angela Huth, Miss Pamela Le Marchant, the bridegroom's sister, and Miss Susan Robins



Brig. H. N. Leveson Gower and Mrs. Ernest A. Simpson, the bride's parents, with Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Le Marchant, the parents of the bridegroom





Cdr. and Mrs. W. E. O. Walker-Leigh and H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, Dr. Domingo Derisi, receiving guests

DEBUTANTES DANCED AT THE ARGENTINE EMBASSY

BY kind permission of the Ambassador, Dr. Domingo Derisi, the Argentine Embassy was the scene of a very successful dance given by Mrs. W. E. O. Walker-Leigh for her debutante daughter, Miss Vanya Walker-Leigh, who is seen (below) passing one of the many beautiful tapestries which the Embassy contains, as she mounts the fine wrought-iron staircase. Jennifer writes of the dance on pages 395-396



Miss Alexandra Welch was talking to Mr. David Ashton-Bostock at this successful dance in Belgrave Square



Miss Pearson Henry, an American visitor who came over from Florida, was listening to Mr. David Weston





Above, left: Miss Susan Hampshire and Mr. Michael Haines standing on a balcony leading from the ballroom. Centre: Miss Elizabeth Gage was dancing with Mr. Dermot Blundell. Right: Miss Elizabeth Rhys with Mr. John Fordham on the dance floor enjoying a quick step. There were 150 guests



Above, left: Mr. Peter Glazebrook and Miss Ann Routh. Below: Mr. John Pattison with Miss Carolyn Clogg. Above, right: Miss Sarah Legge and Mr. Michael Sweatman. Below: Miss Ruth Huggins and Mr. Tom Craig

Swaeb

JULES DUPRÉ was the painter of this boldly-composed study in tranquillity, "Pâturage Près de l'Oise," one of the examples of the Barbizon School now on view at the Hazlitt Gallery. It was last exhibited in 1893. The other artists represented include Corot and Millet

Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth

Bowen



WHY CRIME DOES NOT PAY

CLOAK WITHOUT DAGGER (Casell; 15s.) is the autobiography of Sir Percy Sillitoe, K.B.E., former Director-General of M.I.5. As such, it more than fulfils its promise. It is true, we have few "amazing disclosures": the author's manner is calmly matter-of-fact. Here is a modest and cheerful account of a career, of which no phase has not made for our security, in which no change has not been an advance. "When the time came for me to think of retirement," says Sir Percy, "I wondered if the kind people who had assured me my adventures would 'read like a book' were perhaps to be taken seriously." One is glad that they were.

One point which emerges from *Cloak Without Dagger* is the value of professional ability as a whole. Sir Percy took over the Director-Generalship of the British Security Service at a crucial time, November 1945. What had come out at the trial of William Joyce, as to the activities of secret agents, had delivered a blow to public confidence; soon there

followed the still more shattering revelations of Gouzenko, laying bare the nature of the Canadian spy ring. The Nunn May trial opened a glimpse of what had, unsuspected, gone on in London.

The right man was wanted, in the right place, and well was it for us that he was to hand. Though—"I had never," admits Sir Percy, "visualised myself at the head of M.I.5."

THE post was not, I think, one to which the aspirations of a policeman would normally have turned. . . . Although it seemed at first that work at M.I.5 was to be a completely new departure for me, I soon found that my earlier experience was standing me in good stead. While I was putting the value of that experience to the test, I often cast my mind back over the problems and excitements of my earlier years."

Problems and excitements there were, a-many. The one-time choirboy of St. Paul's Cathedral could hardly, in his most wishful thoughts, have envisaged so rich an existence in store. Only a few years, as it turned out, intervened between the angelic surroundings of the choir-stalls and a tough life in Africa, first as a trooper, then as an officer in the North Rhodesian Police. The African time is re-lived with a zest and crispness which should endear these pages to every boy-at-heart. But the constructive period began with our author's return to England, aged thirty-four.

CHIEF CONSTABLE, first, of Chesterfield, he was next Chief Constable of the East Riding of Yorkshire—in the course of which office he embarked on what he calls an unpopular prosecution. But it was as Chief Constable of Sheffield that he was to open up as an exponent of anti-gang warfare. At Sheffield, a meeting with Dr. Webster was to result in the opening of the forensic laboratory. Reforms and innovations bettered the lot and general living conditions of the police; and a famous test case ended newspaper football pools.

Into this section comes the murder of P.C. Gutteridge—one of whose killers, fatally for him, entered the area of routine investigations carried out by Sir Percy's stout men.

With the Glasgow appointment, succeeding Sheffield, there was a coming to grips with gangsterdom on (it seems) a hardly less than Chicago scale. Glasgow Communists also resorted to gangster practices. These chapters make very exciting reading.

After Glasgow, Kent 1944—the "garden of England" militarised, tense with approaching D-Day, invasion-traffic priority on through roads. Dover and Folkestone under cross-Channel bombardment; then, after D-Day, V.1's, V.2's. All this, a gigantic challenge to Kent's Chief Constable. Kent was left when Sir Percy took over M.I.5.

RESPECT and liking for the police, and an understanding of their working ways, is increased through one's reading *Cloak Without Dagger*. The book is a tribute to the Force with which its author was proud to serve, and for whose still fuller efficiency he has worked. His account of the Fuchs case and its handling, and his remarks on two "minor" spies, Marshall and Dewick, are outstanding. There were official visits to the Commonwealth countries, the U.S.A.,



"THE GREAT POET KACATOOGAN" (above) and "Two Caretakers Quarrelling in the Street" (left) are among the brilliantly satirical illustrations by Grandville in Alfred de Musset's *The White Blackbird*, translated by Julian Jacobs, a Miniature Book published by the Rodale Press (5s.)

and Rome, whose Police Training School perfects flying squads. South Africa has been the scene of the "final campaign"—a probe into illicit traffic in diamonds.

★ ★ ★

A DIFFICULT YOUNG MAN, by Martin Boyd (Cresset Press; 12s. 6d.), is the second of what, I understand, will be a series of novels about a family—the Anglo-Australian Langtons. The first was *The Cardboard Crown*. If those to follow remain as good, Mr. Boyd may be sure of abiding fame.

For here is an author who is at once distinguished and amusing; wordly-wise and romantic. Rare combination! *A Difficult Young Man*, I should make clear, has none of the disadvantages of a sequel: it seems complete in itself. And, though fiction abounds in difficult juveniles, our hero in this case, Dominic Langton, is like no other.

Back in the young Langtons' heredity is a Spanish duke, of tormented nature and twisted cruelty, and it becomes clear that this dark strain reappears in Dominic's "soul-mixture" (as his brothers call it). Ancient Somerset origin, Irish blood and part-time Australian environment make for further complexity—yet the boy is well-meaning, chivalrous, gentle, naïve. The story of Dominic is told by Guy Langton, his youngest brother.

THE three Langton boys, moving to and fro between the ancestral home in Somerset and the big villa in the country outside Melbourne, are subject to "geographical schizophrenia." They are Australia's gentry, set apart by a self-regard so deep that it is unconscious. Their charm has an inverse, a certain infuriating quality much to be felt by an outsider—such as Baba, married to Uncle George.

I know of few novels, lately, which give such a perfect study of family mentality or, under pressure, family cohesiveness. And, in the centre, Dominic—whose wild goings-on put a strain upon his relatives' loyalty. With his Young Lochinvar escapade, we have reached the last page—glad of the author's promise to tell us more.

To an extent, *A Difficult Young Man* is a period piece: the happenings are pre-1914. The grandmother's death ends an era on which Guy Langton, narrator, is to be felt looking back from an altered world. He adds, in his own words, "the glaze of adult understanding" to much he had watched with childish puzzlement when it happened. Sophistication and innocence thus mingle, with praiseworthy success.

Personally, I was fascinated by this novel—it is my advice that nobody interested in contemporary literature should miss it. The story itself compels one: at the same time, penetrating remarks are lightly thrown off, as in conversation. For instance:—

One was sorry for Baba at this time because of her terrible stupidity. My relatives were often silly, but they were never stupid. Stupidity is the result of a complete absence of imagination, silliness of its excess.

WISDEN'S for 1955 is the largest edition of the cricketer's bible ever published, and on a wet afternoon is the complete substitute for a bright day at Lord's. Articles by Sir Pelham Warner and Neville Cardus—the latter warns us to take the South Africans very seriously—together with the editorial notes, lay a firm foundation for an absorbing mass of information on every aspect of the game and its players. This bright beacon of sportsmanship, with its Commonwealth-wide beam, is published by Sporting Handbooks at 12s. 6d. and 15s., according to the style of binding.



BARBIZON SCHOOL IS RE-EXAMINED

MANY art-lovers and experts gathered for the private view of an exhibition of paintings of the Barbizon School now at the Hazlitt Gallery in St. James's. Above: Mrs. Anthony Bampfylde and Miss Mavis Walker discussing one of the smaller paintings of this school, which adumbrated the Impressionists



Desmond O'Neill

Left, above: Mr. John Churchill, artist nephew of Sir Winston, with his wife. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Terence Mullaly were weighing-up an exhibit. Right, above: Col. T. E. St. Johnston, Chief Constable of Lancashire, and his wife were making a second viewing. Below: Sir Colville Barclay and Mr. Charles Van Bergen having an interim discussion



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK
by Mariel Deans

Here the cashmere sweater is worn with black baratheia slacks made to order in Harvey Nichols' own work-rooms for 111 gns.



A FOUR SEASONS SWEATER

WE have chosen this week a wonderful lime-green double weight cashmere sweater that is really something new in the way of knitwear. Very long and loose fitting, it can be whipped on over a swim-suit for those suddenly cold, windy moments on the beach, or worn over a shirt and slacks high up in the mountains, and, though one hates to think of it, *what* a stand-by for next winter!



Hollander

It costs 12 gns. and is made by Ballantyne exclusively for Harvey Nichols from whom we chose swim-suit and slacks

A well cut swim-suit in dull red nylon lastex. It has a neat little box-pleated frill round the hips and shoulder straps that are fully adjustable. The price is 8 gns.



FIVE evening dresses, picked for some of the big dates of the busy London season that lies ahead, are shown on these pages photographed amid the lights of London's West End. Here, a beautifully swathed bodice, drawn into a rhinestone buckle at the waistline, lends interest to Susan Small's full-skirted apple green chiffon dress. It is sold by Woollands

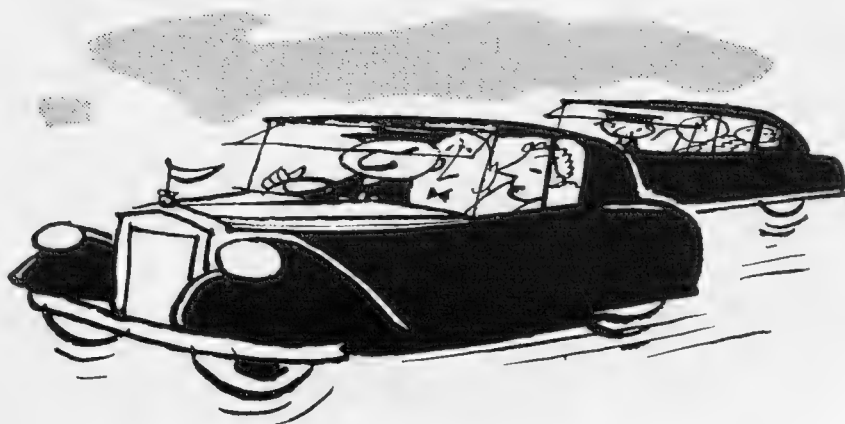
Mariel Deans shows

Party dresses for the



Armstrong Jones

FOUR of the five dresses shown are long ones because we feel that however charming and young looking is the short party frock a real white tie occasion demands a full length dress. Deep midnight blue nylon organza makes this lovely dress by Robita. The big fichu collar is hand painted in blue and grey. From Woollands



London season



Continuing—

Gala-occasion dresses shown in a

Left: Simone's wonderful white grosgrain ball gown, paillette embroidered with sprays of silver flowers and leaves, is worn with a cloudy stole of sharp green chiffon. Harrods are selling this dress

Right: From Christian Dior's London collection, this wonderful printed silk dress is a riot of shaded blue and yellow marigolds. There is a huge stole of stiff, honey-yellow faille to go with it. It comes from Fortnum and Mason of Piccadilly

Right: A short evening dress for a more informal party. Mary Black's pretty frock of stiff white givreen is trimmed with Havana-brown satin and embroidery and worn with a fringed stole of brown satin lined with white taffeta. It comes from Debenham and Freebody (Small Women's dept.)



Beautiful in line and design is this elegant "mixing jug," which holds sufficient to make it the perfect party piece. Price £4 10s. 6d. Fortnum and Mason



Italian glass set. Ice bucket, £1 15s. Six glasses in plaited plastic, with jug, £4 14s. 6d. Woollands



DRINKING, DRINKING,

*I*N readiness for the "thirsty weather" ahead, we show you here some examples of glassware, unusual in shape and design — JEAN CLELAND

These attractive little "Cocktail Ice Bats" would give a touch of originality to any party. Put into the refrigerator, they freeze up, and can be used over and over again. Price 8s. 6d. each. From Asprey & Co., New Bond Street



The "Soda-stream" Junior converts ordinary water into soda water and, by using specially prepared concentrates, into tonic water, ginger beer and dry ginger ale. Concentrated squashes, such as orange and lemon, lime juice, grape fruit, etc., can also be had. One gas cylinder aerates some 300 bottles, at a cost of about 4½d. a dozen. Price £15. (U.K. Purchase tax £1 10s. extra)



Alligator water set in Italian green glass. Beautiful in shape and design. Set of seven pieces, £2 15s. 6d. From Marshall and Snelgrove

T—R—I—N—K—I—N—G



Italian lemon dish to hold slices of lemon all ready for cocktails and cool drinks. It costs 15s. 9d. from Marshall and Snelgrove

Dennis Smith



"Almond Blossom" is the name of the essentially youthful hair style by Alan Spiers, of which two views are shown here. It is ideal for special party dates on summer evenings, while for everyday wear it can be brushed down into a "Gamin Bob"



Anthony Buckley

Beauty

A word to the débutantes

NOW IS THE SEASON, when young girls come out with the flowers and change—almost overnight it seems—from schoolgirl Cinderellas into ballroom princesses. In their tulles, silks and laces they drift across the dance floors as lightly as blossom falling from the trees; an inseparable part of the enchantment of spring.



THERE is a bloom upon these children that makes the heart ache a little. We who are older long to keep them as they are, while they, on their part, are in a mad hurry to grow up. Alas, how true it is that "Youth is wasted on the young." It is seldom appreciated until it is already on the wing.

Nevertheless, to you who are young I would say "Be your age." Don't rush to adopt the scents, the hair-dos and the maquillage that belong to your elders. They are out of place with your special charm, and, believe me, they destroy the magic.

IF you are inclined to be pale, use a little make-up by all means, but go lightly with it and choose delicate shades. There are whole ranges of lovely pastel colours available now, from the softest pinks for the blondes to the deeper rose tones for brunettes. Leave rouge alone unless you really need it, in which case it should be no more than a dust to give a faint flush. Be sure to get it in the same shade as your lipstick so that the two tone together.

Even a little make-up should be applied properly. If there is someone at home to help you, all well and good. If not, and you are not certain about it, I suggest that you seek expert advice from Cyclax, who instruct so many of

the débutantes on skin care during the London season. Cyclax will help you too with any skin troubles you may have. If you cannot get to their salon in South Molton Street, you can consult one of their trained experts who are permanently available in many of the leading stores in principal towns throughout the country.

REGARDING make-up, there are all sorts of little tips that make just the difference between getting a hard effect that is unbecoming, and a soft natural look that is flattering. When you are putting on lipstick for instance, don't do it with the stick applied directly to the mouth. Smooth the colour on with the tip of your finger, or better still, apply it with a paint brush. Don't wipe your powder on; pat it in gently, then dust off the surplus, so that only a light film is left to give a matt finish to the skin. If your nose is apt to shine when you get hot, use a spot of Elizabeth Arden's Noshine on the tip before powdering.

For general purposes you should not need any foundation or powder base. But if—for special occasions or evening parties—you want to give a filmy translucent look to the complexion, pat on just a little, and see that you choose it to suit your particular type of skin. A good rule to go by is a creamy one for a

dry skin, and a liquid for one that is oily. Be very sparing with it and blend it well in. Too much defeats its own end. Instead of holding the powder smoothly, it merely cakes and makes the skin look patchy.

For normal skin, your beauty routine is a very simple one. Wash in the morning with soap and water—and *do* use a really good skin soap. After washing, smooth in a little light cream such as cold cream. This keeps the skin soft and helps to prevent the drying that produces wrinkles later on. At night, however tired you may be after your festivities, do please remove your make-up. The quickest and easiest way of doing it is to use a good cleansing cream. It takes all the powder and dust off like magic, and brings away all impurities.

LITTLE blemishes, such as spots and pimples, will not be cured by plastering with cream and powder to conceal them. The cure must come from the *inside*, which means diet. Cut out fried foods, pastries and puddings, and eat plenty of fruit, vegetables and fresh salads. Externally there are excellent preparations that help to dry spots up, and any of the good salons will advise you on what to use.

For the odd pimple that springs up overnight with the sole intention—it seems—of spoiling your party, you can get a new preparation made by Max Factor. This is called "Erase," and is wonderful for hiding any kind of blemish and making it invisible. A splendid thing this, for "saving the day," but it is a disguise, *not* a cure. Persistent spots should be taken in hand by experts. If this is your worry, don't despair. There are splendid scientific methods now for getting to the root of the trouble.

ABOUT your hair, I would say just this. Choose an easy style that you can manage yourself. Wash it at home if you like, but do have a really good "cut," and for this go to an expert hairdresser. It is the cut that makes, and keeps, the shape. Every morning and every night, brush and brush and brush again, and for the extra shine when going out, spray on a little brillantine and brush once more.

—Jean Cleland

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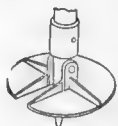
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THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Fayer

Miss Georgina Margaret Sinclair, the elder daughter of the late Sir Ronald N. J. C. U. Sinclair, Bt. of Dunbeath, and of Lady Sinclair of Dunbeath, Barrock House, Caithness, and Cavendish Square, W.1, is engaged to Mr. John Leonard Maddocks, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Maddocks, of The Dell, Four Oaks, Warwickshire



Norton-Pratt

Miss Diane Lewis, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis, of Balvie Avenue, Giffnock, Renfrewshire, Scotland, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Stanley Bilkus, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Bilkus, of West Heath Avenue, London, N.W.11



Fayer

Miss Joan Margaret Freeman, the elder daughter of the late Air Chief Marshal Sir Wilfred Rhodes Freeman, Bt., G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., and Elizabeth Lady Freeman, of Stubb Hill, Midhurst, Sussex, is engaged to Mr. John Richard Bine Morgan-Grenville, the elder son of the Hon. R. W. and Mrs. Morgan-Grenville, of Hammerwood House, Midhurst, Sussex

Miss Susan Cayley, second daughter of Sir Kenelm Cayley, Bt., and Lady Cayley, of The Green, Brompton-by-Sawdon, Yorkshire, is to marry Mr. Malwin Drummond, eldest son of the late Major C. A. Drummond, J.P., D.L., and of Mrs. J. C. Quinnell, of Cadlands Fawley, Southampton



Lenare

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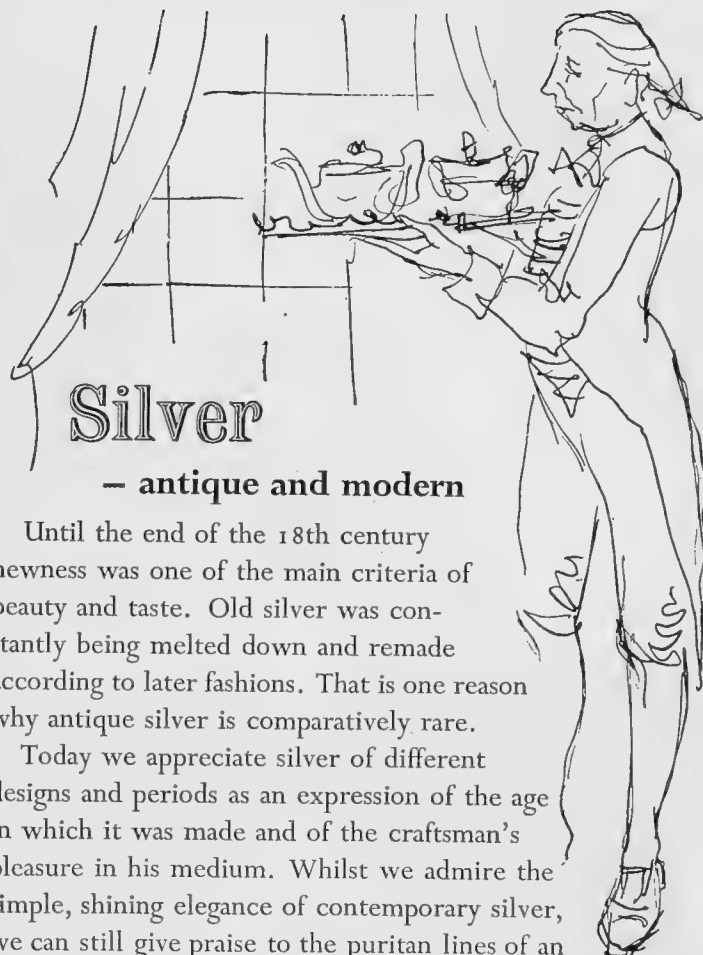
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THEY WERE MARRIED



Morgan - Grenville - Peto. Mr. Gerard Wyndham Morgan-Grenville, younger son of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Morgan-Grenville, of Hammerwood House, Midhurst, Sussex, and Miss Virginia Anne Peto, eldest daughter of the late Maj. John Peto, and of Mrs. Peto, of The Cottage, Thursley, Surrey, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Caldwell—Graham. Mr. Ian Caldwell, the British golf international, who is the son of the Rev. M. and Mrs. Caldwell, of Chipstead, Surrey, married Miss Betty Jean Graham, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Graham, of Byways, Coulsdon, Surrey, at St. Margaret's, Chipstead



Bosanquet—Lund. Mr. Reginald Tindal Bosanquet, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. B. J. T. Bosanquet, married Miss Karin Patricia Lund, only daughter of Mr. K. Lund, of Dunraven Street, W.1, and of Mrs. B. H. Lund, of Cranmer Court, S.W.3, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Macgregor—Misa. The marriage took place at St. Margaret's Church, Hong Kong, of Capt. J. Durnan Macgregor, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. McN. Macgregor, and Miss Kit Misa, daughter of Major and Mrs. Misa. A reception was held at the Hong Kong Club and the honeymoon was spent in Japan



Whiteley — Drummond-Hay. Mr. Richard Timothy Whiteley, youngest son of the late Brig. J. P. Whiteley, and of Mrs. Whiteley, of Mixbury Hall, Brackley, Northants, married Miss Jane Drummond-Hay, eldest daughter of Major James and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, of Seggieden, near Perth, Scotland, at St. John's Kirk, Perth



Hamptons move to Bond Street

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HAMPTONS

FLAGGING IN the winner, Tony Collins in a Maserati, of the International Trophy race at the Daily Express Silverstone meeting. The first five places in this, the chief race of the day, were all taken by privately owned Maseratis, the principal British entries all suffering a most unfortunate series of mishaps in the race



Motoring

by Oliver Stewart

A cheeseparing rule

FIRST of all a minor grovel is indicated. I referred the other day to the undesirable practices of car dealers in piling on to a new car price a variety of small additional sums at the last moment. My remarks led to an exceptionally large number of communications from people who agreed with my views; but I also had one letter and one telephone call from two people with long experience of dealing in motor cars and they both told me that the irritating extra charges had nothing to do with dealers but were imposed by a Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders' rule.

I do not feel that this point matters much, but one of my correspondents, Mr. Harold Radford, put another point which does matter. He said that he had not heard of dealers making a charge for the licence holder; I had complained that the purchaser was charged for this although it normally carried a permanent advertisement of the dealer's name and address.

ON getting Mr. Radford's letter I looked up my receipts for car purchases over the years and although in some instances I did pay a fee for the licence holder, in most no charge was made for it. So it seems that the better type of dealer makes no charge for this item and has, therefore, some justification in putting an advertisement for his firm upon it.

But the number plate and delivery charges remain as objectionable whether imposed by the S.M.M. & T. or not. The only difference is that one should blame that august body for a psychological misjudgment and not the dealers. If sales resistance builds up—as it might during the next five years—there will be a need to look into these charges and see what can be done to ensure that delivery

of a £1,000 car is free—as it is if you buy a bun from the bakers—and that the car includes number plates of good quality. Nevertheless I am grateful to Mr. Radford—who is well known as a specialist in Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars—for the correction.

Preparations are going well, according to a report sent me by the Automobile Association, for the A.A.'s Jubilee celebrations on June 18. The Duke of Edinburgh has agreed to attend the Regent's Park procession, when more than three hundred vehicles will perform a drive past. Then there are to be the tableaux—one of them showing a policeman speed-trapping. It was to fight this that the Association was formed in 1905.

IT will be an excellent moment to add up motoring gains and losses over the years. There is much less militancy nowadays. Motorists no longer feel that they have a "right" to use the roads or to do anything; they feel that they are continuously under suspicion; that they are the butt and aim of all money grabbers, governmental and other, and that a policeman remains as much a natural opponent today as in the early days.

The interference emphasis may have changed from speed to parking; but it is always there. The concept is put about and zealously sustained by London Transport that a motorist only has a right to a bit of road for his car while that car is on the move and that, the moment it stops, policemen, car park attendants and any human being wearing the semblance of any kind of uniform may descend upon him with the cry: "You can't leave that there 'ere."

It has been my view that neither the A.A. nor the R.A.C. has shown fight enough in these later years. They are the trusted aides of the authorities; they help in putting up signs to tell you that the road is up or flooded or

dangerous; they issue cautionary statements about the risks of this, that and the other, they give "advice" to Ministers about what is and what is not good for motorists; they join with research workers in putting forward schemes. Just occasionally, as when parking charges were first proposed, they let forth a bleat; but it comes to nothing.

My opinion is that both these great organizations have too much money and suffer the same kind of tendency towards gentle acquiescence that often goes with having too much money. And, as these notes repeatedly show, the converse is equally true. Anyhow I will wish the A.A. successful celebrations of its Jubilee and, having cleared away my criticisms in advance, I will promise to watch the parade of cars on June 18 through rose-coloured spectacles.

Before we come to these celebrations there are some useful events in the calendar to be noted down. For instance the Ulster Trophy race follows Silverstone (which I hope to be able to report at a future date) and that is in turn followed by the Nürburg Rally and then, on May 22, the Monaco Grand Prix. After that we soon come round to Goodwood (sports cars) again.

MERCÉDES are going to continue to make the running so, if we look into the future, that seems a sad rumour that they may abandon racing next year. This great company has proved its supreme engineering genius and has collected so many notable firsts that there is perhaps a reasonable commercial and economic basis for a withdrawal, at any rate for a time, from racing.

Those interested in the sport hope that Mercedes will continue and that the rumour is baseless. But, from a business point of view, there might be grounds for a pause in the development effort. Patriotism must not allow us to overlook the vastness of the Mercedes effort nor the evidence it provides of a technical daring and technical knowledge that are not at the moment to be found anywhere else. Let us hope that they continue to race.



SWEEPING LINES, bringing them into the forefront of modern styling, characterize the new Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, and Bentley "S" cars, an example of the former being shown here. The car is lower and faster than its predecessors. Its visibility is remarkable, and the astonishing feat has been achieved of further improving its comfort and silence

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DINING OUT

Antidote to road-ennui

As summer approaches, the roads at the weekend are becoming so congested that one thinks twice before planning anything that involves a long journey.

To find oneself returning to London in a solid block of traffic moving at a snail's pace and frequently stationary, ruins the day, frays the temper and increases one's blood pressure.

There are people who, through much attention to detail and a lot of experience, have solved this problem. One of them, Richard Fielder Fuggle, a considerable gourmet who appreciates above all else the leisured way of life, has his own solution of how to go motor racing at Silverstone in peace, and this solution I shared last weekend at the *Daily Express* Trophy Meeting. It does, of course, add considerably to the cost of the expedition, but it's a nice way to do it.

THE first item on the programme was to book a room at the Bell Inn at Aston Clinton, a remarkable establishment six miles south of Aylesbury run by Gerard Harris, who has much the same ideas on life as Mr. Fuggle. There cannot be many small inns in England where, when you pick up the menu in the dining room, you read:

Beluga Caviar
Escargot de Bourgogne
Grenouilles Provençal
Coq au Bouzy-Rouge
Lobster Newburg
Roast Cygnet

—and a great deal more in the same strain.

As for the wine list there are some real collectors' specimens available; amongst them Château Talbot '23, Cheval Blanc '29, Rauzan Gassies '24, Tokay-Aszu, Six Puttonas 1928 and Magnums of Lafite 1870!

Dinner that night was quite an affair, beginning with a poached salmon trout, with a lobster and white wine sauce, accompanied by a Moselle, Braunberger '49; this was followed by lamb chops stuffed with chicken breasts, garnished with truffles and asparagus. We then had a savoury which I tried for the first time, consisting of meringues made with cheese, an excellent background for the 1924 Rauzan Gassies. To finish the feast there were strawberries from the garden of Mentmore, the Earl of Rosebery's nearby home, which they turned into a "Romanoff" by the addition of Orange Curaçao.

WE left the hotel on the morning of the meeting, timing our arrival at the track to get there half-way through the first race, the result being that we had a completely uninterrupted drive straight to the course. We left before the end of the big race of the day without let or hindrance and back to the Bell on empty roads for a glass of sherry in the garden with the landlord, and then on to London, well ahead of the mob. The mood of motor racing being still upon us, we went to dinner and the cabaret at the Pigalle, in Piccadilly, where for 22s. 6d. or 32s. 6d. you get a three or four course dinner, the cuisine being distinctly "Française."

You can also dance to two bands and watch a cabaret at 9.15 p.m. or midnight, or if you have the stamina, at both times. But take notice that they last for over an hour.

Champagne goes with cabaret. All the famous names are there; as a guide to prices, a magnum of G. H. Mumm Cordon Rouge '45 or Perrier-Jouët '47 will cost you £6, but you can quench your thirst with some excellent wines for much less.

—I. Bickerstaff



Ivon de Wynter

SYDNEY AND GRECO the joint *maîtres d'hôtel* at the Ivy Restaurant are respectively English-born with an Italian wife and Italian-born with an English wife. These two impresarios of the restaurant profession have made the Ivy one of the most distinctive restaurants in London, with a clientèle comprised of people at the top of their professions—literary, theatrical and diplomatic, who appreciate the food and fine service



Harcourt

DINING IN

The versatility of bacon

A CLEVER cook makes use of inexpensive foods one day so that, on another, on her budget, she can indulge her family in some of the costlier ones. Our tables are all the better for such "balancing."

Grilled herring today, for instance, then salmon or rainbow trout another day. Roll Mops or Bismarck Herrings in *hors d'œuvres* today permit the purchase of expensive smoked salmon or sturgeon later in the week. And now that we have ham and bacon at prices which we have not seen since they were freed from rationing, we can serve them to offset costly fillet steaks or joints of beef.

Some years ago, an official at Dunmow told me that the best-flavoured bacon is the thick streaky kind, because it is evenly salted throughout, with an even distribution of fat and lean, and is more tasty withal. But people will not buy it. I expect that this has something to do with those little round bones which, generally, are cut out at table and our men folk, who may be reading their morning newspapers, cannot be bothered with them.

IT is, however, lunch I have in mind and there is no more pleasant early-summer dish than a nice piece of "boiled" streaky bacon served cold, with a fresh green salad.

Streaky bacon costs from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a lb., whereas back bacon ranges from 3s. to 3s. 9d. At this time of year, because of the warmer weather,

most of the ham and bacon we get is more salted than usual, but this saltiness does not seem to affect streaky bacon as much as it does the back with its solid piece of meat. Young housewives should remember to look for bacon which is pinky rather than dark red, because the latter is the saltier of the two.

There is a lot of green bacon about, at several pence cheaper per lb. than smoked, and it, too, makes a welcome "boiling" piece. When it comes to a whole hock, at 2s. 3d. a lb., the difference in cost is greater still, and a whole hock, with new potatoes and broad beans, makes a very good dish for a family, with "pickings" for stuffed green peppers or my favourite Versailles Savoury, which I shall give you presently.

FIRST, the "boiling." No bacon or ham should ever be boiled. It should very gently simmer. It should start from cold and it will probably be better if it is previously soaked for twenty-four hours, with several changes of water in that period.

For Versailles Savoury (enough for four): Press triangles of crustless bread on to the bottom of a well-greased entrée (oven) dish. On them, scatter 3 to 4 oz. cold boiled hock or streaky bacon, cut in strips. Add sliced skinned tomatoes to your liking, gently fried in a little of the fat reclaimed from the stock. Beat the yolks of 4 to 5 eggs with 1 oz. grated Gruyère or dry Cheddar cheese, a pinch of pepper and, if liked, a few grains of Cayenne. (Salt may not be needed.) Fold the stiffly beaten egg whites into this mixture, then pour all into the dish. Place in a fairly hot oven (400 degrees F. or Regulo 5) and bake just long enough to set the eggs, but not to make them too firm.

A DELICIOUS dish is Boiled Chicken and Bacon *à l'Anglaise*. (Always, when a French chef serves a simple dish, without "frills," he tacks on to it the rather cryptic "*à l'Anglaise*." For example, plain boiled potatoes on a menu are listed "*à l'Anglaise*.")

Very gently poach a fowl, not more than twelve months old, together with carrots, turnips, onions, a parsley root or two, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and, sparingly, pepper and salt. I (being a great "adder") always add a small glass of dry vermouth. Cook a piece of bacon separately. With the chicken stock (the fat skimmed off) make a pleasing Béchamel sauce. Place the sliced chicken and bacon in a large enough entrée dish. Spoon over them a little of the sauce, sprinkled with chopped parsley, and pass the remainder in a sauce boat.

Bacon and spinach—cooked "*à l'Anglaise*"—make another inexpensive dish that we can all enjoy.

—Helen Burke

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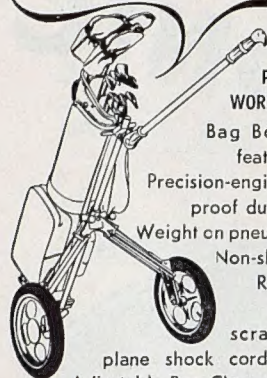


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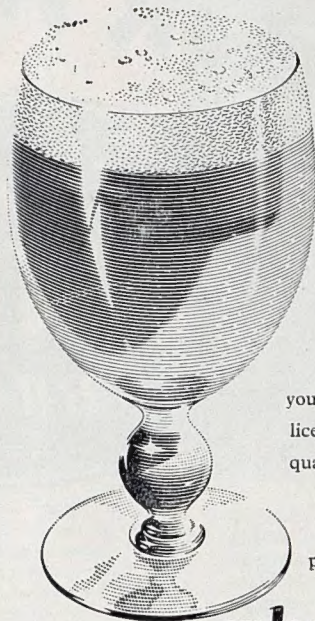
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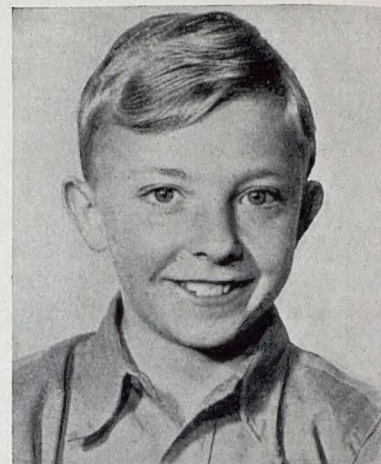
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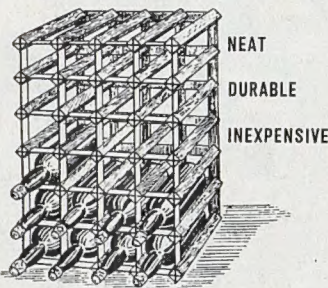
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